SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the red-bird seeks its nest.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

The sheep from off the hillside haste to the shepherd's fold,—
For death lurks in the mountains and darkness comes apace.
The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky to gold,
Then folds the mantle of the night across its crimson face.
Home, when the daylight is wanes,
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the sickle by;
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the western sky,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

—Arthur J. Burdick, in American Agriculturist.

The Other Girl.

When I arrived at the station Lady Mannington, Molly and the French maid had collected their chattels and stood round the immense heap, in attitudes denoting various degrees of impatience. I apologized.

"It is of no consequence," said Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying it was of the greatest. Molly shook her head at me and smiled.

I looked at the two ladies and the French maid, and then I looked at the miniature mountain.

"The brougham is only seated for two," I hinted.

"Celeste can walk," said Lady Mannington.

"I shall be glad of her company," I responded, politely.

Lady Mannington glanced at me doubtfully. "Perhaps she could manage by the coachman," she suggested.

"His wife is most particular," I interposed, quickly.

"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Molly, with an air of much good nature.

"Perhaps that will be best," Lady Mannington conceded, reluctantly.

"I am sure of it," I indorsed, heartily.

"If only your aunt had sent the omnibus"—Lady Mannington began, aggrievedly.

"It was most careless of her," I admitted instantly. I caught Molly's eye. She has a curious way of smiling at nothing.

So Molly and I started to walk over the crisp snow. Just outside the station I helped her over the stile. "We may as well take the short cut," I observed; "it is not very much longer, and I have much to say to you."

"What about?" asked Molly.

I hesitated. "It is about a friend of mine," I replied at length.

"Oh!"

"He is in the deuce of a mess," I began, confidentially. "I want your help."

"What can I do?" asked Molly, opening her eyes.

"You can advise me," I replied, taking courage. "A woman's wit ——"

Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr. Trevor."

"I fear you will think my friend particularly foolish," I said, sorrowfully.

"Very likely," replied Molly, indifferently.

"I assure you he has many good points; but it happened a girl wanted to marry him."

"What!" exclaimed Molly.

"I can't think what she saw in him," I replied, uncomfortably.

"I hope," said Molly, "you are not going to tell me anything that is not proper."

"Oh, no," I replied, earnestly. "The girl was quite respectable. All the parties are most respectable."

"She could not have been quite nice," said Molly, decisively.

I stopped to test the strength of the ice over a pool.

"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"You know her?" asked Molly, quickly.

"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend; it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend. I hope I make myself clear."

"I don't think that improves matters," retorted Molly.

"She has a large family of daughters," I explained.

"Go on," said Molly, with a severely judicial air.

"My friend was in love with another girl—a really nice girl. In fact, a quite splendid girl. One of the very best," I said, kindling.

"You know that girl, too?" asked Molly, a little coldly.

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"My friend was staying at a country house and so were both the girl and her mother, and she——"

"Who?" asked Molly.

"The girl whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do hope I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner and somehow or other my friend found out she had hold of his hand. I—I don't know how it happened. It just occurred."

"How clever of your friend to find it out," said Molly, sarcastically.

I went on hastily—"And then he saw her head coming nearer and nearer his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do."

"I wonder," said Molly, "he did not call for help."

"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose or—or—the mother might come. He guessed the mother was pretty near. Then he thought of the other girl, and he got into a dreadful panic. In fact, he lost his head."

"It could not have been a great loss," observed Molly, disdainfully.

"No-o; but it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do. So he said he was already engaged."

"Did he say 'already?'"

"Yes." It was a cold day, but I mopped my brow with my handkerchief.

Molly uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really sorry for that girl, but it served her right."

"The girl didn't turn a hair. She simply straightened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."

"Well?"

"He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any other name."

"To whom, of course, he is not engaged?"

"No; and I don't suppose she would have him. She is far, far too good for him."

"Is that your whole story?"

"Very nearly. The girl went away and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportswoman. Afterward she went about telling everybody of the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."

"How awkward!" said Molly, meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"

"Not yet. This all happened yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately."

"Dear me," said Molly. "So your friend is at the Towers now?"

"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a trifle abashed.

Molly began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why did you tell me about it?"

"I want your advice."

"Who is the other girl?" asked Molly, curiously.

"Please don't ask for names," I implored.

"But my advice must depend on the other girl's disposition."

"She is everything that is perfect," I replied, fervently.

"No doubt," retorted Molly, satirically.

"You might almost be the other girl yourself," I went on, with careful carelessness.

"Really!" said Molly. "I believe that must be considered a compliment. Thank you very much."

"What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?"

Molly stopped and broke off a sprig of red berries. They were not so red as her lips. "Of course," she said, "I should be very annoyed."

"Ah, of course," said I, forlornly.

"At any rate, I should pretend to be very annoyed."

"But really——" I began, delighted.

"Oh, that would depend on the man."

"Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I surveying the wide expanse of a neighboring field, "I was the man?"

"This is nonsense," said Molly. "We can't make believe to that extent."

"Why can't we?"

"You would never be so foolish."

"But if ——"

"Let us talk about something sensible," said Molly, with decision.

"But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."

She thought. "Of course your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives."

"You are quite clear he ought to get away?" I asked, mournfully.

"There can be no doubt of that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."

"I can picture it," said I, repressing a groan.

We had arrived at the entrance to the avenue. I stopped and held out my hand.

"Good by," I said.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am going away. I am the man."

I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face.

"And the other girl?" she queried, faintly.

"You are the other girl."

The red replaced the white. She stood quite still, with her eyes bent downward, and then she began to trace figures in the snow with the toe of her tiny boot.

"Good by," I repeated.

She looked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it humbly and forgot to relinquish it.

"Mamma will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry."

But we did not hurry.—Pick-Me-Up.

THE OMAHA FAIR.

Some Queer Features of the Coming Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

Among the curious features of the Trans-Mississippi exhibition, to open at Omaha in June, will be a representation of our American Indians. The idea, writes Frank G. Carpenter, is to have the government send here 15 Indians of each tribe, and to have each tribe have its own little camp or Indian village, so that by walking through this exhibit one can get a knowledge of the Indians of the United States. These Indians will have their feast days. They will go through their various games, and the show will be both instructive and interesting. Such a thing has never been attempted in any other exhibition. It will probably be carried on by the government, and will form a part of the general show, so that there will be no extra charge. The nearness of many of the reservations to Omaha will make this part of the exhibition cost comparatively little. At the same time the government will probably send its wonderful collection of models, showing the Indians engaged in their various occupations, which may form a part of this special exhibit.

Among the other queer things to be shown will be Daniel Boone's cabin. This will be brought from Missouri and will be rebuilt here. After Boone left Kentucky he moved to Missouri, and there spent his last days. There will be a representation of the Eygptians of the Soudan and other shows, something after the fashion of the Midway Plaisance of Chicago. A day in the Alps will be the title of a department showing life in Switzerland. This will be made up of real people, of paintings and scenic effects built up to represent the reality. The Alps and their glaciers, the tourists climbing the mountains, etc., will all be shown. Then there will be shows depicting life in the West of the dime novel description, or of the Buffalo Bill order. Shows containing Indian massacres, such as a re-enactment of the Custer massacre of 1877, and scenes of scouting life as they formerly took place in the West. A representation of mining at Cripple Creek will be given, depicting life in the mining camps and also other queer features, such as the Sherman umbrella, in which passengers are sent flying around a circle in a car which is raised to a height of 300 feet above the earth.

Most Northern Hotel in the World.

The most northern hotel in the world is on the inhospitable shores of Advent bay, where it washes the west coast of Spitzbergen. "Tourist Hythen" (Tourist hotel) is the name of the remote establishment. Its season is necessarily short, extending from July 10 to August 18, but it extends a hearty welcome to the few venturesome travelers who have the temerity to seek its shelter. It has accommodations for thirty guests. It is announced that the increase of travel to the gate of the Arctic regions has made the establishment of a postoffice in the hotel a necessary feature. The hotel is in an appropriate latitude of 78 degrees 15 minutes, or five hundred miles further north than Hammerfest. Probably a better idea of the situation may be gained from the statement that the late quarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition in Franz Josef Land were hardly more than one hundred and fifty miles nearer the pole. The building naturally is unpretentious in appearance, being only one and one-half stories high, with a diminutive porch at the front. As a matter of course, it is built of wood.

The Passing of a Relative.

They were out walking one evening, and he lifted his hat to a fine-looking old gentleman as they passed.

"What a distinguished-looking gentleman," she exclaimed. "Is he a relative of yours?"

"Yes," he replied, and there was a tremor of sadness in his voice as he felt in the pocket where his watch had formerly reposed; yes, he's my uncle."

And the dear girl never knew.—Chicago News.

Lord Rosslyn, who has decided to become an actor, has been well known in the amateur dramatic world of England for a long time, and at one time he had a company of amateurs, who were known as "Lord Rosslyn's Company."

DWARF LIFE IN AFRICA.

DIMINUTIVE PEOPLE ARE NOTED TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS.

They Drive Game Into Long Nets and Wander From One Place to Another—Their Women Intermarry With Other Tribes—Peculiar Customs, Thrifty Ways.

Writing about a tribe of little people in Africa, Oscar Roberts says:

Most of these people are smaller than their Bakoko and Mabeya neighbors, but not all, as the dwarf women are sometimes married into these tribes. They deserve the name dwarf more from the similarity of their habits to the true dwarfs further inland. They live a wandering, Indian-like life, hunting. They have nets 120 feet long and three or four feet high, a number of which they stretch across the bush, and the men women and children drive the game into these nets. They are experts in trapping too. They do not stay in one place long enough to plant, so they trade their game to their agricultural neighbors for vegetable food. These Mabeya head men have a certain kind of ownership over them, sometimes furnishing them with powder and guns, and nets and a very little cloth for their game during the time they are in that community. When not successful in the hunt, they must depend upon the wild plants, nuts, honey, which they know so well how to find. They often have a feast and more often a famine.

Their sheds are from fifteen to fifty feet long, the leaf roof touching the ground on one side, and being about four feet and a half high on the other side. When there are large trees the roofs are made of the bark of a tree four or five feet in diameter, which often does not have time to crack and leak before the dwarfs want to move. Under these sheds are the pole beds, supported by forked sticks four or five inches from the ground. There is a space left for a fire between every two beds. If they have any boxes or small tin trunks, they keep them hid in the bush; there is nothing to be seen unless they have a pot, or bowl, or basket, a net or gun, or a native ax; and no man is rich enough to possess all of these. They can move all their possessions on fifteen minutes' notice; may be living here today and twenty miles away tomorrow. Three moves do not equal one fire with them.

For amusement a man goes through violent form of exercise, trying to move as many of the muscles of his body at one time as possible, the spectators clapping their hands and calling, beating on sticks and their drums during the performance. They seem to believe in one supreme being who is good and kind, but, of course have no definite knowledge of him. They fear the spirits of the departed, and are said to move at once from a place where one of their number died. They fear and try to appease many evil spirits, one of which takes a dreadful form for his punishment. Among the Maybeyas near here I know of but one blind man; yet it is the rule to find one blind man in a community of from fifteen to fifty dwarfs, and sometimes as many as three blind ones, made blind some night by the agent of this evil spirit as a punishment for some offense.

Miss MacClean, a lady of Glasgow, has given the funds for the work for these people. It is the purpose to establish a station about ninety miles from the beach, doing regular station work with the Mabeya-speaking people there, and at the same time doing everything possible for the speedy evangelization of these wandering people. But the workers are needed, men with good constitutions and a real love for itinerating bush travel. If a man has a love for plants and insects and birds, so much the better. These people might be able to show him a medical property of some of the plants they know that would be helpful to all. The power to shoot a parrot out of a high tree with a Winchester ought not to be lightly overlooked in a country where everything is eaten, from a snake to a monkey.

TERRAPIN CULTURE.

An Expert Talks Entertainingly About a Profitable Industry.

Mr. James C. Tawes, the state fish commissioner for the Eastern shore, lives in Crisfield. He is an active and progressive business man, and unusually bright and intelligent. He has spent his life as a dealer in marine productions, such as fish, crabs, oysters, and terrapin, and is alert to note anything affecting that industry.

Mr. Tawes is quite enthusiastic on the subject of restoring the supply of diamond-back terrapin. The marshes and sandbanks are still there, the food of the terrapin is as abundant as ever, yet that precious little reptile is fast becoming extinct. Yet Mr. Tawes is of opinion that they can be raised with ease and surprising cheapness, and that with the aid of the state the supply may easily be maintained.

The cause of the rapid decline in the quantity of the terrapin is thought by the natives to be due to the destruction of the terrapin eggs. As they lay only in high, sandy places, scores of people in the laying season patrol the sandy beaches daily in search of these eggs, and carry them off to be eaten as table luxuries, just as hen's eggs and as a substitute for them. They are said to be very rich and delicious. Captain Tawes purposes, if he is given a sufficient appropriation to justify it, to impound a number of females in a state pound or pounds and to hatch out the young ones from the eggs. They begin laying about the middle of May and hatch in about thirty days. The female terrapin scratches a hole in the sand with her fore paws, deposits her eggs, from thirteen to nineteen, in it, and then covers them up and leaves the heat of the sun on the sand to hatch out the young terrapin.

They are not much bigger when hatched than a man's thumb nail and are as soft as dough. They crawl around pretty lively and begin to hunt for their food, consisting of small fish, crabs, etc. The first summer they are quite small, and about the first to the middle of November they go into their winter quarters. This is some soft mud hole in the marsh or on the bottom of some stream. Here they sleep until the middle of April or later, when they come out and are of quite respectable size, say four inches in breadth. The next year they are six inches and the third seven inches in breadth.

It is, undoubtedly, while the terrapin slumbers in the mud that he acquires the peculiar qualities for which we admire him. It is the only flesh known which one can crush in his mouth with his tongue without the aid of his teeth. The other animals run about, sleeping only at night. The terrapin sleeps night and day for six or seven months of the year and takes his night naps, too, for the rest of the year.

Mr. Tawes is of opinion that he could make a very decided impression upon the terrapin supply in a short while. He would do this not because the terrapin is a luxury, but because it used to be and can again become a source of great profit to those who catch them upon our great marshes on the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries. At present prices a seven-inch diamond-back is worth in the city markets from $8 to $10.

Crisfield is the seat of the terrapin trade. There are two firms there who have a large trade in them, A. T. Lavallette & Co. and A. B. Riggin & Co. Mr. Lavallette has a handsome dwelling on the south side of Crisfield harbor and near it, across an arm of a small creek, is his terrapin pound. It is securely fenced in, so as to prevent the escape of the high-priced inmates. He has at present about 10,000 terrapin, most of which are now in the winter's sleep, not in the pound, but in the cellar of his house. This is kept dark and above freezing point, but not too warm. Lavallette & Co. have an immense trade in terrapin in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. New York is the principal place. They received one order for $3000 worth of terrapin on the occasion of the visit of Li-Hung Chang to New York, and they supplied the terrapin for the Bradley-Martin ball.—Baltimore Sun.

Canine Tramps.

The street dogs of Constantinople are a feature of that city. They go about unowned and uncared for, and acquire a wonderful knack of looking after themselves.

The instinct which enables these poor tramps to tell the time is the most astonishing thing about them. Day after day, at regular hours, when the scraps are thrown out, they are never much too early and never too late. The superintendent of one of the great railway lines ending in Constantinople records a most remarkable case. The Oriental express, the famous train from Paris to Constantinople, arrives, it seems, three times a week at a certain hour in the afternoon. When the train comes in there are always several dogs ready to receive it. Before the passengers have had time to get out the dogs jump into the carriage and search everywhere, under the seats and in the corners for the scraps of luncheon left by the passengers, and when they have found all the pieces they go away. The remarkable thing is that they never come at any time except when the Oriental express is due; that they never make a mistake in a day, and always remember that between Friday and Monday there are two days and not one. They pay no attention to local trains, because little or no food is left in them, owing to the short journeys the passengers take. Exactly this same knowledge of the time table and of the difference between local and long-distance trains has been noticed at the stations of the Asiatic railways in Scutari, across the Bosphorus.—London Mail.

"Time to Get Up."

The whistle of a locomotive can be heard 3300 yards, the noise of a train 3800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1800 yards, the roll of a drum 1600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a cricket chirp 800 yards, a dinner bell two miles, and a call to get up in the morning 3 feet 7 inches.

Although Spanish women are supposed to be smokers, one never sees a woman smoking in public, except in the gypsy quarters.